

**COWBOY**

ALL COMICS

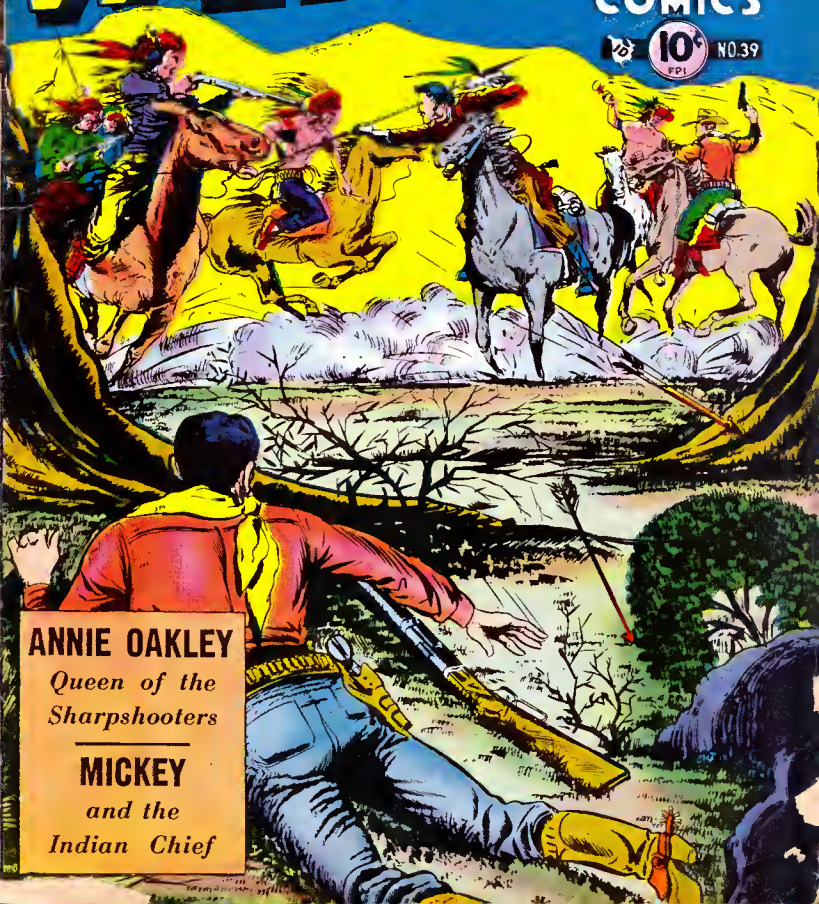
# WESTERN

COMICS



10¢  
FPI

NO. 39



**ANNIE OAKLEY**

*Queen of the  
Sharpshooters*

**MICKEY**

*and the  
Indian Chief*





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

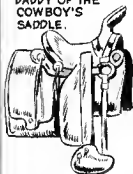


# COWBOY SADDLES

THE MEXICAN "VAQUERO" WAS THE FIRST "COWBOY"... AND HIS SADDLE AND OTHER EQUIPMENT HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED BY THE AMERICAN COWBOYS.

MEXICAN SADDLE, DADDY OF THE COWBOY'S SADDLE.

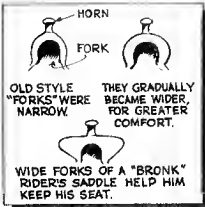
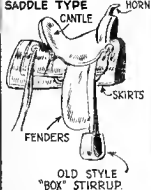
MODERN AMERICAN SADDLE DESIGN.



HEAVY HAND TOOLED EFFECTS



OLDER AMERICAN SADDLE TYPE



"TAPADEROS"

WERE ORIGINALLY DESIGNED TO PROTECT THE FEET IN BRUSHY COUNTRY, BUT ARE ALSO USED FOR DECORATIVE EFFECTS, ESPECIALLY IN THE MOVIES. MANY SHOW HIGH EXAMPLES OF THE TOOLED-LEATHER WORKER'S ART.



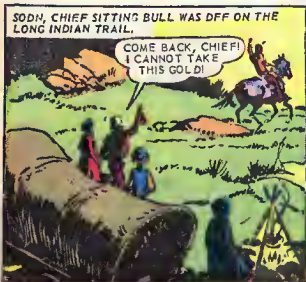
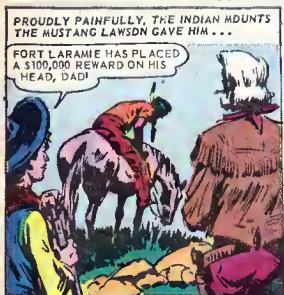
HORSES QUICKLY LEARN TO "SIT BACK" WHEN A COWBOY ROPES A STEER, WITH HIS SADDLE'S HORN AS ANCHOR POST.



A COWBOY'S SADDLE MAY BE PLAIN OR FANCY—IT IS ALWAYS MADE BY EXPERT WORKMEN, FROM BEST OF MATERIALS. IT MUST BE STRONG AND DURABLE, AND IS EXPECTED TO LAST FOR MANY YEARS.

Adventures of  
**MICKEY** and  
**SITTING BULL**





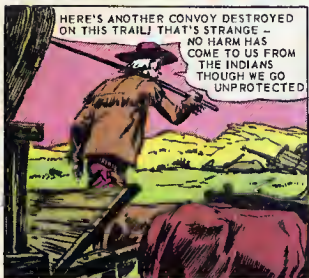
MINUTES LATER, THE SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP GIVEN BY SITTING BULL SWUNG FROM THE TOPMOST STAVE OF JOHH LAWSON'S PRAIRIE SCHDONERI!



ALONG THE TRAIL, HIDDEN INDIANS WATCHED THE LONE CONVOY AS IT ROLLED THROUGH THE WESTERN WILDERNESS...

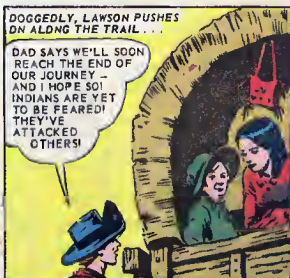


HERE'S ANOTHER CONVOY DESTROYED ON THIS TRAIL! THAT'S STRANGE - NO HARM HAS COME TO US FROM THE INDIANS THOUGH WE GO UNPROTECTED



DOGGEDLY, LAWSON PUSHES ON ALONG THE TRAIL...

DAD SAYS WE'LL SOON REACH THE END OF OUR JOURNEY - AND I HOPE SO! INDIANS ARE YET TO BE FEARED! THEY'VE ATTACKED OTHERS!



LITTLE DID LAWSON SUSPECT THAT ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY, FORT SPRING - A LONELY OUTPOST - WAS EVEN THEN UNDER HEAVY ASSAULT BY A LARGE FORCE OF FIERCE INDIAN WARRIORS, ON THE WARPATH!



FORT SPRING'S WEARY DEFENDERS WERE LOSING HOPE.

WE'RE OUT OF FOOD, WATER, EVERYTHING!



IN THE WATCH TOWER, ANXIOUS EYES PICK UP A DISTANT CLOUD OF DUST...



WHO ALERT THE MEN BELOW...

I SEE IT! A LONE WAGON, WITH NO ESCORT! IT'S CRAZY! NONE OF OUR SCOUTS WERE ABLE TO BREAK THROUGH THE INDIAN BLOCKADE!

MAYBE IT'S A RED-DEVIL RUSE!

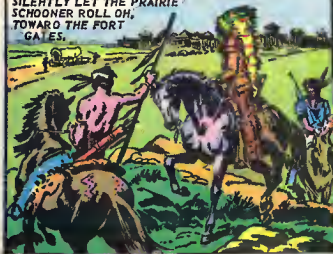


THE DEFENDERS AWAIT THE WAGON'S ARRIVAL WITH SUSPICION AND WONDER.

LOOK AT THAT! AS THE WAGON COMES FORWARD, THE INDIANS TAKE TO THE HILLS!



IT'S TRUE! FROM THE HEIGHTS, THE WARRIORS SILENTLY LET THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER ROLL ON, TOWARD THE FORT GATES.



THE DEFENDERS CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES.

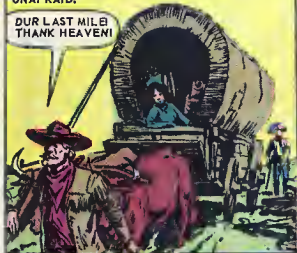
IT'S A TRICK, I TELL YOU — A DIRTY INDIAN TRICK!





AMID DEATH AND DESTRUCTION, LAWSON DRIVES ON TO THE MAIN GATE, STEADILY AND UNAFRAID.

OUR LAST MILE  
THANK HEAVEN!



MEANWHILE, CHIEF SITTING BULL CALLS TO HIS WARRIORS!

PEACE BE WITH THOSE  
WHO PLACE FRIENDSHIP  
AMONG MEN, ABOVE  
RACE HATRED!

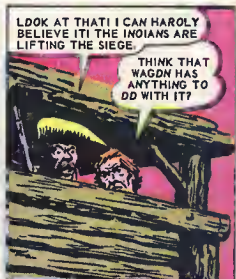


AS LONG AS THE PALE FACE IN  
THAT WAGON STAY AT FORT  
SPRING, ALL FIGHTING WILL  
STOP! I HAVE SAID!



LOOK AT THAT! I CAN HARDLY  
BELIEVE IT! THE INDIANS ARE  
LIFTING THE SIEGE.

THINK THAT  
WAGON HAS  
ANYTHING TO  
DO WITH IT?



A GREAT CHEER GOES UP AS THE  
LAWSON WAGON COMES THROUGH THE  
GATE!



NOT A SINGLE SHOT WAS FIRED BY THE INDIANS IN  
THE TWENTY FOUR HOURS THAT FOLLOWED... BUT  
ALERT EYES, AND READY GUNS WATCHED EVERY  
MOVE AND ACTIVITY AT THE FORT, FROM THE  
SURROUNDING HILLS.





BELIEVING CHIEF SITTING BULL NAO REALLY LIFTED SIEGE, FORT SPRING'S DEFENDERS SENT OUT A SCOUT TO SEEK HELP...

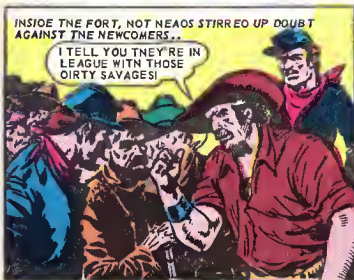


... BUT A FEW HOURS LATER, ONLY THE HORSE REAPPEARED, WITH A BLOODY SADDLE. THE SCOUT DID NOT MAKE IT.



INSIDE THE FORT, NOT NEARLY STIRRED UP DOUBT AGAINST THE NEWCOMERS...

I TELL YOU THEY'RE IN LEAGUE WITH THOSE DIRTY SAVAGES!



ANOTHER PICKS UP THE UGLY TALK.

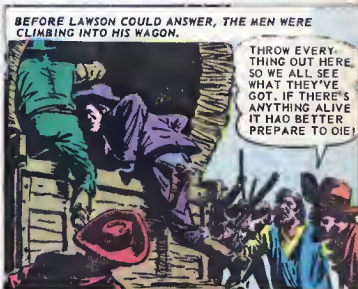
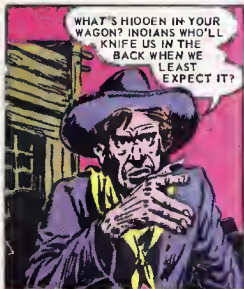
NOBODY ROLLS THROUGH 200 MILES OF WILD INDIAN INFESTED COUNTRY LIKE THEY SAID THEY DID, AND WITHOUT PROTECTION, WITHOUT RUNNING INTO SOME KIND OF TROUBLE! SOMETHING'S WRONG...



WORKED UP TO A HIGH PITCH OF FURY, A GROUP OF MEN CAME UP TO LAWSON, MENACINGLY...

WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOU LAWSON! WHO ARE YOU?





ENRAGED AT FINDING NOTHING TO WARRANT THEIR SUSPICION OF THE OLD PIONEER, THE MOB RETIRES, UTTERING DIRE THREATS...

WE'LL BE WATCHING YOU, LAWSON, WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!



AS LAWSON AND HIS FAMILY LOOK INTO THEIR POOR POSSESSIONS...

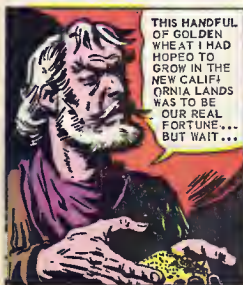


SADLY, LAWSON LOOKED AT THE REMAINS... HIS DREAMS OF A NEW LIFE WERE GONE. HE WAS RUINED, AND WOULD HAVE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN... BUT SOMETHING THE MOB HAD OVERLOOKED CAUGHT HIS EYE... IN THEIR FURY, THEY HAD NOT SEEN IT!

STILL SWINGING ALOFT WAS THE INDIAN'S GOOD LUCK SIGN, THE LEATHER POUCH, FILLED WITH REAL GOLD...



THIS HANDFUL OF GOLDEN WHEAT I HAD HOPEO TO GROW IN THE NEW CALIFORNIA LANDS WAS TO BE OUR REAL FORTUNE... BUT WAIT...



THOUGH THESE MEN IN THEIR FURY HAVE TAKEN EVERYTHING FROM US, WE STILL HAVE SOMETHING VERY VALUABLE... THE INDIAN'S GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP.



THANKS TO IT, WE CAN REPLENISH OUR SUPPLIES, AND OUR GOODS, SO WE CAN LEAVE THIS ACCURSED FORT, AND HIT THE TRAIL.

TO BUY PROVISIONS, LAWSON AND HIS SON SOLD A FEW NUGGETS OF GOLD...

SAY... WHERE'D YOU FIND THAT KIND OF GOLD, PARO'NER



QUICKLY, THE STOREKEEPER BROUGHT THE GOLD SAMPLE TO AN INSIDE ROOM...

LOOK HERE, BOYS! HERE'S WHAT LAWSON WAS HIDING IN HIS WAGON!



# Annie Oakley

MAXWELL



ANNIE'LL GET US ALL KICKED OUT OF ENGLAND! I TOLD HER TO LET GRAND OUK MICHAEL BEAT HER... AND LOOK AT HER... SHOOTING RINGS AROUND HIM!

YEAH, IT'S NO GOOD, MR. CODY! THEM RUSSIAN BIGWIGS DON'T TAKE TO BEING BEAT BY A COMMONER... AND A WOMAN AT THAT! LOOKS LIKE BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW WILL BE ON THE NEXT BOAT HOME!

HER PARENTS CHRISTENED HER PHDEBE ANNE OAKLEY MOZEE AND BEFORE SHE WAS NINE SHE COULD SHOOT THE HEAD OFF A RUNNING QUAIL. SHE WAS A COOL, CALCULATING YOUNG LADY AND SHE CAPTURED HEARTS ALL OVER THE WORLD WITH HER EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF MARKSMANSHIP!

ANNIE OAKLEY, BORN IN DARKE COUNTY, OHIO, IN 1860, WAS LEFT FATHERLESS AT THE AGE OF FOUR. FROM THAT TIME ON, POVERTY HAUNTED HER FAMILY...



MOMMY... THAT OLD CABBAGE SOUP AGAIN! IS THAT ALL WE'RE EVER GOING TO HAVE?

HUSH, WE'RE LUCKY WE HAVE THAT! WE'RE POOR FOLKS! YOUR SISTER ANNIE HERE DOESN'T COMPLAIN

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I LIKE IT!

ANNIE WASN'T DUITE NINE WHEN SHE OCEIDED IT WAS UP TO HER TO PROVIDE FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

ANNIE! ANNIE! HOW DID YOU GET THAT GUN? YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF!

BETTER THAN STARVING!





I HAVE BEEN WATCHING MEN SHOOT FOR YEARS! I KNOW JUST HOW ITS DONE AND FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO PROVIDE PLENTY OF FOOD FOR US!

I HAVE TO ADMIT YOU SEEM TO KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING... BUT YOU'RE ONLY NINE YEARS YEARS OLD!

AHHIE BECAME THE WONDER OF OARKE COUNTY. IN HER TEENS SHE BECAME A "MARKET-HUNTER" FOR CINCINNATI HOTELS. THEN WHEN SHE WAS IN HER TWENTIES...

HERE'S THE PHEASANTS YOU WANTED, MR. SIMMS!

GOOD, ANNIE! I CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON YOU!

WHO DOES FRANK BUTLER THINK HE IS? OFFERING \$100 TO ANYONE WHO CAN BEAT HIM! AND USING SHOTGUNS! WHY THAT'S ONLY FOR KIDS! I THINK I'LL TAKE HIM ON!

100.00 CASH FRANK BUTLER CHALLENGES ANYONE TO A SHOOTING MATCH

BUT ANNIE WON MORE THAN THE MATCH, FOR, SOON AFTER...

ANNIE, YOU'VE WON MY HEART! WILL YOU MARRY ME?

OH, FRANK YES, I WILL! I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU'D ASK ME! I LOVE YOU, FRANK!

FRANK BUTLER WAS GOOD BUT AHHIE OAKLEY WAS BETTER

ANNIE WINS! WHAT A GIRL!

WELL, MISS OAKLEY, YOU'RE SOMETHING WITH A GUN! I'M PROUD TO HAVE YOU BEAT ME!

THANK YOU! I'M GLAD I WON TOO!



AND BEFORE THE WEDDING BELLS HAD HARDLY STOPPED ECHOING...

AND NOW, MY WIFE, ANNIE, WILL SPLIT THE EDGE OF THIS PLAYING CARD WHICH I WILL HOLD!

DANGED IF I'D LET MY WIFE TRY THAT!

WITHIN A FEW MONTHS "LITTLE SURE-SHOT'S" BLAZING GUNS HAD ATTRACTED THE MOST FAMOUS SHOWMAH OF THE OAY!

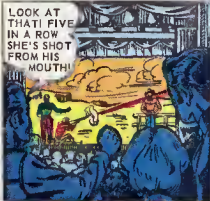
YESSIR, FRANK AND ANNIE, I GOT TO HAVE YOUR SHOOTING ACT FOR MY WILD WEST SHOW!

WOSH, FEATURED STARS IN BUFFALO BILL'S SHOW! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, FRANK?



ANNIE AND FRANK WERE A SMASH HIT WITH "BUFFALO BILL'S SHOW".

LOOK AT THAT! FIVE IN A ROW SHE'S SHOT FROM HIS MOUTH!



ANNIE, A NATURAL SHOW-WOMAN, DEVISED NEW TRICKS TO PLEASE THE CLAMORING CROWDS.

NOW OUR LITTLE ANNIE OAKLEY IS PERFORMING HER NEWEST TRICK! USING THE BLAOF OF AN ORDINARY DAGGER AS A MIRROR SHE SCORES BULLS-EYES WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING AT THE TARGET!



... AND NOW, ANNIE WILL BREAK A GLASS BALL, AS IT SPIRS AROUND FRANK'S HEAD!



THEN, WHEN THE WILD WEST SHOW WENT TO ENGLAND, ANNIE RECEIVED HER BIGGEST TRIBUTE...

ANNIE, BE CAREFUL TODAY! THERE'S ROYALTY HERE! THE PRINCE OF WALES HIMSELF!

I'M ALWAYS CAREFUL AND ROYALTY OR NO ROYALTY I'LL ACT LIKE I ALWAYS ACT!



THEN A FEW DAY AFTER THE PRINCE OF WALES HAD WITNESSED THE SHOW...

IT'S FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES! HE WANTS YOU TO SHOOT AGAINST GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA!

IT WILL BE GREAT PUBLICITY, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LET HIM BEAT YOU, ANNIE!

STAGE DO

LET HIM BEAT ME? WHY?



... BECAUSE, IT WOULD BE AN INSULT TO THE GRAND DUKE TO BE BEATEN BY A COMMONER ... AND A WOMAN AT THAT!

LOOK, IF I'M GOOD ENOUGH TO BEAT HIM, I'LL BEAT HIM UNDERSTAND!



FRANK, SHE'S SHOOTING RINGS AROUND HIM! WE'LL GET KICKED OUT OF EUROPE ... WE'LL BE RUINED!

THE DAY OF THE MATCH





AFTER THE MATCH...

MADAM, IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO  
LOSE TO ONE SO TALENTED AND  
LOVELY AS YOURSELF!  
...BILL... OIO YOU  
...I FIGURED I COULD BEAT YOU!  
...HEAR WHAT I HEARD



ANNIE AND  
HER DE-  
VOTED  
HUSBAND  
FOUND  
NOTHING  
BUT FAME,  
UNTIL ONE  
DAY IN 1901  
AS THE  
SHOW  
HEADED  
SOUTH...



AS THE HORRIBLE SOUND OF  
TWISTING METAL AND SHATTER-  
ING BEAMS WAS REPLACED BY  
THE SCREAMS OF THE INJURED...

ANNIE, ANNIE!  
MY WIFE,  
SPEAK TO ME  
PLEASE!

FRANK... FRANK  
HELP ME...



FRANK HAS MANAGED TO FREE BATTERED  
ANNIE FROM WRECK AND HOLDS HER HEAD!

DARLING YOU  
MUST LIVE! I  
CAN'T GO ON  
ALONE!

YES...  
FRANK...  
HAVE TO...  
GET  
WELL...  
BUT...



ANNIE DID  
LIVE,  
THROUGH  
PARTIAL  
PARALYSIS,  
FIVE OPER-  
ATIONS, TWO  
YEARS OF  
SUFFERING  
AND, FINALLY  
.....

FRANK!... I CAN STILL SHOOT!  
OH, I WAS SO AFRAID...

...AFRAID YOU'D NEVER WORK  
AGAIN! DARLING, WITH YOUR  
COURAGE  
YOU HAD  
TO COME  
BACK!



AND THIS BRAVE WOMAN PROVED SHE WAS STILL  
A CHAMPION, IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING  
FATE COULD THROW AT HER...

YESSIR! ALL SMASHED UP  
AND SHE STILL CAN  
OUTSHOOT ANY  
CRITTER ON  
THE EARTH!

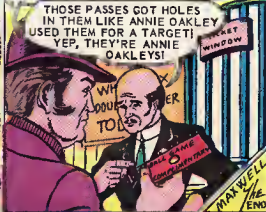
WHAT A  
GAL DUR  
ANNIE IS!



ALTHOUGH  
TODAY,  
MANY HAVE  
FORGOTTEN  
JUST WHY  
ANNIE  
OAKLEY  
WAS FAMOUS  
HER NAME  
WILL NEVER  
BE FOR-  
GOTTEN!  
SAN JOHNSON  
BASEBALL  
IMMORTAL,  
SAW TO  
THAT

HERE IT IS, MY FREE TICKET TO THE  
BALL GAME!

THOSE PASSES GOT HOLES  
IN THEM LIKE ANNIE OAKLEY  
USED THEM FOR A TARGET!  
YEP, THEY'RE ANNIE  
OAKLEYS!



WICKET  
WINDOW

MAXWELL  
THE  
END

# JESSIE

KING OF THE

# JAMES

OUTLAWS

"JESSE JAMES"....A NAME THAT THREW  
TERRDR INTO THE HEARTS OF LAW-ABIDING  
WESTERNERS... DR BRDUGHT JDY TO THOSE  
HE UNEXPECTEDLY HELPED, LIKE A 19TH  
CENTURY RDBIN HDDD, HIS DEEDS, GOOD  
AND BAD, ARE MANY - LIKE THIS EPISODE  
AFTER THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES...



DURING THE CIVIL WAR, KANSAS, MISSOURI AND  
OTHER STATES WERE PREY TO RUTHLESS  
OUTLAWS LED BY QUANTRILL.....

PLEASE, MY WIFE,  
MY CHILDREN!  
DON'T SHOOT!

LISTEN AT HIM BEG!  
MOW 'EM DOWN...  
EVERY LAST ONE  
OF THEM!



ONE OF THE COOLEST OF QUANTRILL'S BAND  
WAS A HARD YOUNG MISSOURIAN....

PLEASE, SON! YOU  
AIN'T GONNA GET  
NO WHERE KILLING  
ME! I GOT NO MONEY!

YEAH, WELL I  
WON'T GET ANY PLACE  
LETTING YOU LIVE,  
EITHER! BESIDES,  
THIS IS WAR...





THAT'S THAT! NOW LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING AROUND WORTH LOOTING!!

BUT JESSE JAMES WASN'T AFRAID TO STANO AND FIGHT WHEN THE OOGS WERE AGAINST HIM...

YAGHH, ONLY THREE NORTHERN BLUE-BOYS AGAINST ONE REBEL! GO ON, GET SOME HELP! LET'S MAKE A REAL FIGHT OF THIS!

HE'S A MADMAN! HE DON'T KNOW WHEN TO GIVE UP!



ONCE THE WAR WAS OVER, AND OTHERS HAD GONE BACK TO QUIET PURSUITS, JESSE LONGED FOR THE WILD, LOOT-FILLED WAR DAYS...

SEE THAT BANK... IF THIS WAS STILL WAR-TIME WE COULD KNOCK IT OFF! CLAIM IT WAS OWNED BY NORTHERNERS! GET PLENTY OF THE BANK OF MONEY!



ROB A BANK, JESSE? IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE!

NOPE, IT HASN'T, COLE, BUT ITS GOING TO BE DONE! GOT IT FIGURED OUT! YOU AND BOB MEET ME TONIGHT, AND BRING YOUR BROTHERS ALONG!



JESSE JAMES LAID HIS PLANS OUT AND ON FEBRUARY 13, 1866, HIS GANG MADE THEIR FIRST RAID... AND THE FIRST BANK ROBBERY IN THE U.S. THE SCENE WAS LIBERTY, MISSOURI...

GIVE 'EM A BIG SHOW! IF SOMEBODY GETS HURT, IT'LL BE TOO BAD - IT'LL TEACH 'EM A LESSON!



TAKE YOUR TIME GETTING THE CASH, BOB! DON'T WANT TO MISS NONE!

BUT... YOU'LL RUIN ME! RUIN MY BANK... YOU CAN'T



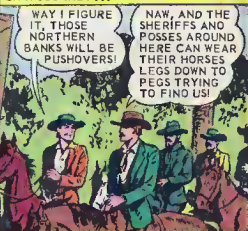
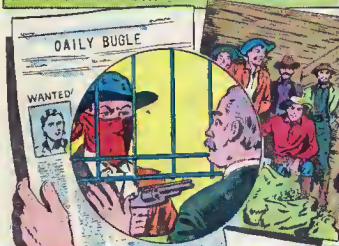
I AIM TO PLEASE, MISTER! THIS'LL RUIN YOU A LITTLE... AND IF YOU DON'T GET OUTA MY WAY I'LL FIX YOU FOR GOOD!

COME ON, JESSE!



THE LIBERTY HOLDUP LAID THE PATTERN FOR JESSE AND HIS BAND. THE MOWEST SHUDDERED AT THE VERY MENTION OF HIS NAME...

THEN, LATE IN THE SUMMER OF 1876, THE JAMES BOYS, WITH THE YOUNGERS AND SOME OTHER OUTLAWS, STARTED ON A JOURNEY...



WAY I FIGURE IT, THOSE NORTHERN BANKS WILL BE PUSHOVERS!

NAW, AND THE SHERIFFS AND POSSES AROUND HERE CAN WEAR THEIR HORSES LEGS DOWN TO PEGS TRYING TO FIND US!

IT WAS A LONG TRIP AND IT WAS SEPTEMBER 7 THAT THE BAND REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE QUIET TOWN OF NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

OKAY, YOU THREE STAY HERE TO COVER US. BOB, YOU AND COLE COME WITH ME.

LET'S GO NEARLY TWO O'CLOCK! HAVE TO GET THIS OVER WITH BEFORE THE TOWN FILLS UP!

NOW REMEMBER, ONE YAP OUTA THESE HICKS AND WE PLUG THEM!

HEY! THEM STRANGERS GOING INTO THE BANK! ROBBERS! GET THE SHERIFF!



ROBBERS! THEY'RE IN THE BANK! GET 'EM!

BILL, CLEL, START RIDING UP AND DOWN, FAST! KEEP SHOOTING!



SHOTGUNS! WE NEED SHOTGUNS!

GET THAT MAN IN THE WINDOW, HE'S MURDERING US!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BANK...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN THERE'S A TIME LOCK ON THE SAFE! OPEN IT! OPEN IT!

I.... I CAN'T! OWWWW!



LISTEN! TROUBLE! WE'VE GOT TO BUST OUT OF HERE!

YEAH, AND FAST!

AGHHH!



RISE LOW AND FAST!

OWWW! I... I'M HIT BAD, COLE!



SOMEHOW, THE BATTERED GANG GOT OUT OF TOWN. HOURS LATER, IN THE ROUGH BACKWOODS....

LOOK, COLE, BOB'S GOING TO DIE ANYWAY!

JESSE, I ALWAYS TOOK YOU FOR A RAT! GO AHEAD, YOU CAN RUN FASTER ALONE. I'M GOING TO STAY WITH BOB!



HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY, COLE! FRANK AND I ARE HIGHTAILING IT!

WELL, GET GOING THEN!



THE NORTHFIELD FIASCO TOOK A HEAVY TOLL OF THE JAMES GANG. JESSE GATHERED NEW MEN AND SWITCHED TO TRAIN STICKUPS.

THEY'RE OUTFRONTING US! PULL BACK, BOYS! BACK!

WE BEAT 'EM OFF! WE BEAT OFF JESSE JAMES!



SOME TIMES JESSE JAMES HELPED PEOPLE IN TROUBLE, WITH HIS LOOT.

TAKE THIS, WIDOW LARKINS- NOW YOU CAN PAY OFF THAT OLD MORTGAGE.

YOU MUST BE JESSE JAMES- PEOPLE SAY YOU'RE BAD, BUT I'M GRATEFUL, SIR!



THUS GREW THE JESSE JAMES LEGEND. GOOD MAN, BAD MAN? WELL, A BIT OF BOTH!



# The Prince Albert Kid

reached over the sides of his thin lips. He wore a black sombrero, black Prince Albert, and gray trousers pulled down over a pair of highly polished black boots. His hands hung to the skirt of his coat, which was unbuttoned and flaring slightly at either hip over the butt of an ivory-handled Colt. There was no need to inform the distinguished assembly of military officers that they were looking at the famed Prince Albert Kid.

The Kid walked over to an empty seat and stood behind it. Then he began to speak. "I have seen the ashes of the buildings destroyed by Chief Little Fox's braves. And the scalping knives are dripping with red blood. I know how important it is to get that wagon train through to Fort Benton. I can't promise to deliver those guns and bullets to Major Cooper. But I can promise that they will never fall into Indian hands. I'll blow up the wagon trains rather than let them be captured."

General Wallace Hamilton could be diplomatic or very blunt depending upon the situation. As he faced his colleagues in the War Department he saw no sense in minimizing the seriousness of the situation. "Unless we get this wagon train of arms and ammunition to Fort Benton the entire western territory will be at the mercy of Chief Little Fox and his men. They attacked and destroyed the previous three wagon trains we tried to send to the Fort. This time we have been able to get the new repeating rifles for our men. But what are we to do? If they get into the hands of the Indians then they will burn every settlement in the territory. And on the other hand if Major Cooper doesn't get this material his men will not be able to withstand any new attacks on the fort. Gentlemen, the situation is desperate."

At the far end of the conference table General George A. Curtis arose. "I have taken the liberty of asking the one man who can get that wagon train through to come here and help us. He has on past occasions helped Washington straighten out some of its difficult western affairs." Then turning to the sentry at the door, the General added, "Open the door and permit our visitor to enter."

All military eyes were turned to the man who crossed the threshold. He was about six feet two, with pale blue eyes, small mustache that

General Hamilton wanted more definite information. "Just how do you plan to get those wagons through hostile territory?" The famous man of the West allowed himself the luxury of a smile. "There will be a total of twenty-five wagons. Twenty will be loaded with guns and ammunition. The other five will carry our supplies. To pull each wagon I am going to use a team of eight fleet footed mules. If the Indians kill any of the mules we can in an emergency, carry on with half teams. They will try fire arrows to burn the wagons. I am going to cover each wagon with a sheathing of copper. Instead of canvas cover I'll have a copper cover painted white. Driving each wagon will be an experienced mule driver. Inside each wagon I'll have two of the best buffalo hunters in the country, every one a crack rifle shot. If we work day and night we can copper cover those wagons in three days and then be ready to leave. I will have to have the complete cooperation of the military officer you select to accompany me."

Lieutenant Charles Gordon, fresh from West Point, was thrilled as he rode next to The Prince Albert Kid. The tall young officer was on his

first western assignment. For three days the wagon train had been crossing the prairie without sighting any Indians. As the wagons approached a small stream the drivers slowed up their teams to permit them to drink and rest for a few minutes.

"We certainly are fooling the Indians," commented the young lieutenant. "They don't know we are here. If this keeps up we ought to reach the Fort without any trouble."

The Prince Albert Kid handed the young lieutenant his own pair of field glasses. He pointed to a distant ridge. "Look carefully and tell me what you see." His order was obeyed and Lieutenant Gordon said, "Just some small clouds rising from the ridge."

The expression on The Prince Albert Kid's face became serious. "You don't see clouds at all," he explained. "What you see are smoke signals. Hidden Indian scouts have been watching our every step. They are telling their chief that wagons that shine like the sun are coming into his territory. They probably will attack us as we go through Carson's Canyon."

Early the next morning the wagon train reached the Canyon. The Prince Albert Kid called a halt and then had all his men assemble for instructions. "We can reasonably expect an Indian attack by the time we are half way through the canyon," he began. "Jim Peterson will drive the first wagon. All drivers and guards will remain low in their wagons as a safety precaution. Don't fire back for you will expose yourself as a choice target. The Indians won't shoot at the mules because they need the livestock if they expect to transport their loot. I'll ride in the last wagon with Lieutenant Gordon and get the surprise ready for the Indians."

There was a deathlike stillness in the air as the wagon train proceeded through the Canyon. Then the silence was broken by the dreaded war cry. Fire arrows and bullets were fired at the wagons by a foe cleverly concealed behind shielding rocks. But the wagon train rolled on. The Indians were thoroughly puzzled. Their fire arrows were ineffective and their bullets seemed to bounce off the sides of the wagons.

In the last wagon the Prince Albert Kid was busy. He removed the bung from a large cask and let a thick fluid drop in back of the wagon. "Just what are you doing?" asked the young officer. "Dropping whale oil," explained a busy man. "And watch what happens as we leave the canyon."

The Indians began to climb down from the sides of the canyon to follow the wagon train. The Prince Albert Kid lit a match and threw it into the stream of whale oil. In a flash the entire

canyon seemed ablaze. "I think that will prevent them from following us," the Kid commented. "Their horses won't go through that shield of fire and they can't follow us on foot. So we are safe for the time being."

The next four days passed without any hostile redskins trying to attack the train. They finally stopped before the swirling waters of a large river. Lieutenant Gordon looked at the unfriendly water. "I guess you couldn't get a wagon through that to the other shore even if you had a thousand mules. They would all be swept away."

"That's exactly what the Indians are figuring. They know it is impossible to cross the river here. We must go upstream for a hundred miles. But we are going to fool them. Just watch and see a new use for a special little cannon." Then turning to one of his men he shouted, "Sam, you can get your tackle now."

Puzzled buffalo hunters and mule drivers watched Sam Breslow who had spent five years on a whaler set up a small harpoon cannon. He aimed for a large tree and made it. The harpoon hit true and thus carried across the water a thick heavy rope.

"We are going to make a rope ferry," said the Prince Albert Kid. "We'll empty one wagon and pull ourselves over in it. Then we will send it back to shore and get the mules over here. We can hitch them up together and pull every loaded wagon over in safety no matter how strong the current is."

The men worked with a will and when finished, Lieutenant Gordon had to bestow his praise. "I guess there will always be room for imagination and new ideas whether it be in the West or any other place in this world."

Two days later Chief Little Fox learned the sad news. His braves in the canyon had been held back by devil fire brought by the one man they feared the most. And somehow the wagon train had managed to cross at the spot that had spelled disaster for so many others in the past. As one last defying gesture he would attack the Fort! But his braves were not so enthusiastic about facing repeating rifles. So he notified Major Cooper that he was willing to return to the reservation with his men and sign a treaty of peace.

The Prince Albert Kid heard the good news from the Major's lips. "Somehow men must learn to live in peace," he said. "Yet it was only the fact that Chief Little Fox knew he would be beaten that has ended hostilities."

"A correction," suggested the Major. "I think it was only because you had the courage and the ability to get those wagon trains through that many a settler will sleep easy for months to come."



# BILL BENT

Border  
Sheriff.

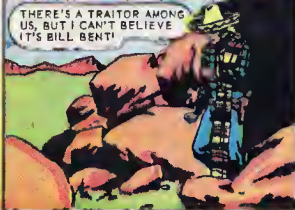
## and PANCHO

### "SOUTH OF THE BORDER"



THREE OF PANCHO'S MEN WERE KILLED IN A BORDER TOWN FORAY AT EL BLANCO. PANCHO SUSPECTS FOUL PLAY...

THERE'S A TRAITOR AMONG US, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S BILL BENT!



BUT BILL BENT HAS REFUSED TO EXPLAIN WHERE HE WAS DURING THE SHOOTING... AND OTHERS IN THE GROUP WANT TO MAKE HIM TALK.

TIE HIM TO A TREE. THIS WHIP WILL MAKE HIM SPILL IT!



PANCHO KNOWS THE RULES, AND THAT HIS FRIEND, BILL BENT IS IN A BAD SPOT.

STOP! WE ARE FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM, NOT AMONG OURSELVES!

LET GO! HE GETS 25 LASHES ON HIS BARE BACK NOW. IF HE STILL WON'T TALK, HE'LL BE SHOT AT SUNRISE!



NOT A WORD PASSES THE AMERICAN'S LIPS. TIED TO A TREE NEAR THE GROUP'S HEAD-QUARTERS, BILL BENT AWAITS THE DAWN AND DEATH, AS A GUARO WATCHES OVER HIM...



SUDDENLY, THE SENTRY CHALLENGES A MAN, COMING TOWARD THEM IN THE NIGHT.

STOP! WHO GOES THERE?

PANCHO LIBERTADI!



PANCHO'S FACE IS SEEN BY THE GUARD AS HE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, AND RECOGNIZES HIM!

IT'S YOU, JOSE. YOU CAN LEAVE NOW. SAY NOTHING!



YOU KNOW I AM IN COMMAND, SO I WILL RELIEVE YOU. I WILL GUARD THE PRISONER MYSELF!

YES, SIR!



TAKING IT UPON HIMSELF, PANCHO CUTS BILL BENT'S BONDS...

YOU CAN GO, NOW, BILL. YOU'RE FREE!

THANKS, PANCHO! YOU'RE A PAL!



PANCHO TRIES AGAIN TO GET THE TRUTH FROM HIS FRIEND, AS BILL WALKS AWAY FROM HIM...

WELL, BILL, HAVEN'T YOU SOMETHING TO SAY BEFORE YOU LEAVE ME?

ONLY THIS, PANCHO - I WILL ALWAYS BE YOUR FRIEND. I DID NOT BETRAY YOU OR ANY OF OUR GANG. I HOPE YOU WILL BELIEVE ME!



PANCHO SEES HIS OLD AMERICAN PAL, BILL, LEAVING HIS GANG OF LIBERATORS, FIGHTING TOGETHER FOR LIBERTY SOUTH OF THE BORDER.

I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU GO, BILL. I BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAY. SOME DAY, IF YOU CAN, I HOPE TO LEARN WHAT YOU'RE KEEPING SECRET!



HERE, BILL, TAKE THIS GUN! YOU MIGHT NEED IT. YOU'RE NOT FREE YET, YOU KNOW! YOU'LL FIND YOUR HORSE BY THE BIG RED ROCKS.



AND AS A LAST PARTING ADVICE TO BILL...

WATCH OUT FOR THE OTHER SENTRIES. THEY'RE FRIENDS OF MINE... BUT YOU CAN NEVER TELL. GOOD LUCK AND GOODBYE!



TRYING TO GET GOING AS FAST AS HE COULD, BILL RACED DOWN TOWARD THE BIG RED ROCKS.



THERE'S MY HORSE, ALL RIGHT! PANCHO SURE IS A BIG HELP! HOPE HE DOESN'T GET IN TROUBLE OVER THIS!





NO SENTRIES... NO CHALLENGES SO FAR... LOOKS LIKE THE COAST IS CLEAR... WELL, HERE GOES!



WITH A LONG LEAP, HE THROWS HIMSELF INTO HIS SAOOLE.

LET'S GO, BOY, WHILE WE CAN!



SUDDENLY, A SHOT CRACKS OUT, FROM BEHIND THE ROCKS!

OH BOY! ONE SENTRY WHO'S NO FRIEND OF MINE. OR OF PANCHO'S!



BENDING DOWN ON THE NECK OF HIS MOUNT, BILL BENT SPURS HIS HORSE INTO A WILD RACE AWAY FROM THE DANGER!

HOPE WE MAKE IT, BOY!



UNFAMILIAR WITH THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS THAT HE CAN BARELY SEE IN THE DARK OF NIGHT, BILL RACES DOWN A NARROW TRAIL, AND -

ANOTHER SHOT!



... BILL BENT TUMBLES HEAD FIRST DOWN INTO THE GORGE BELOW!



BACK HEAR THE CAMP, PANCHO LIBERTAD HEARD THE SHOTS. HE SUSPECTED BILL BEHT WAS IN TROUBLE.

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED.



TAKING A BIG CHANCE AT BEING FIRED ON BY HIS OWN SENTRIES, PANCHO PUSHED HIS HORSE THROUGH ROUGH SPOTS AND SHORT CUTS.

SOUNDED LIKE SHOTS FROM NEAR RED ROCKS.



AS PANCHO REACHES THE BIG RED ROCKS...

I SEE NOTHING, AND HEAR NOTHING... BETTER LOOK ON FURTHER.



FOLLOWING CAREFULLY THE NARROW TRAIL, BILL HAD TAKEN ONLY A MOMENT BEFORE...

THAT'S BILL'S HORSE... AND HE'S HURT!



BLOOD ON THE SADDLE! THEY MUST HAVE HIT BILL WITH THE FIRST BULLET... BUT WHERE'S BILL?



PANCHO KNEW THIS MOUNTAIN SECTION, AND SOON SUSPECTED THE WORST AS HE EDGED OVER THE DEEP GORGE AND PEERED BELOW.



THAT'S A DROP OF OVER A HUNDRED FEET INTO THE RIVER BELOW! NO MAN COULD SURVIVE A FALL LIKE THAT... POOR BILL! IT'S A SAD END FOR A GALLANT FIGHTER, AND A FINE FRIEND... FOR I DO NOT BELIEVE HE BETRAYED ME, OR OUR CAUSE. FAREWELL, BILL BENTI! I'LL CARRY ON WITH-OUT YOU.



MEANWHILE, IN A HALF-FORGOTTEN MOUNTAIN TRAIL, TWO HORSEMEN GALLOP SILENTLY.



THAT WAS A GOOD JOB, PEDRO, DIDN'T THINK WE'D GET HIM SO EASILY... HE'S A FIGHTER, AND WE COULD HAVE RUN INTO TROUBLE... BUT LET'S HURRY! HIS EXCELLENCY WILL BE IM-PATIENT TO SEE US!



DEEP IN THE MOUNTAIN... A HIDEAWAY.



THERE'S A HORSE TIED UP THERE. HE MUST HAVE ARRIVED.

GREETINGS, EXCELLENCY! FORGIVE US IF WE ARE A LITTLE LATE!

O.K. MAKE IT SHORT! I DON'T FEEL SAFE IN THIS SECTION, FILLED WITH OUT-LAWS. GIVE ME A QUICK REPORT OF THE SITUATION AT EL BLANCO AND THE COUNTRYSIDE.



YES, SIGNOR, RIGHT AWAY! WE HAO A FIGHT AT EL BLANCO, BUT WE WON!

AND PANCHD LIBERTAD? I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT HIM, AND HIS PALS!





YOUR EXCELLENCY, LET US HAVE PATIENCE! A RATTLESNAKE ISN'T CAUGHT WITHOUT SOME CARE! BUT ALREADY, I HAVE STARTED TO THIN OUT THE RANKS OF HIS FOLLOWERS!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR!



NOT FAR FROM THE CABIN, A MAN THAT'S OBVIOUSLY HURT STUMBLES UP THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DEEP RAVINE...

I NEED HELP!



I'M IN LUCK! A CABIN, AND THERE'S A LIGHT!



WHAT? LOOK I STUMBLED ON! 'HIS EXCELLENCY' HIMSELF. I DON'T CARE IF I DO TAKE A HORSE!



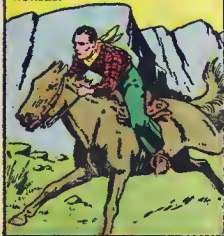
AND INSIDE THE CABIN...

WHAT'S THAT? HORSE'S HOOF!

I SAID I DIDN'T FEEL SAFE HERE... LET'S GET OUT AND SEE.



IT WAS BILL BENT, ALL RIGHT! HE HAD JUMPEO ONE OF THE HORSES!



AS 'HIS EXCELLENCY' RUSHED OUT OF THE CABIN, BILL BENT WAS MAKING TRACKS DOWN THE TRAIL!

LOOKED LIKE PANCHO'S PAL, BENT. MY MEN SAID THEY'D SHOT AND KILLEO HIM!





BIG BEAR, OF BLACK BISON TRIBE  
BECAME SEPARATED FROM HIS  
COMPANIONS WHILE HUNTING.

A BROKEN  
BRANCH! SOME-  
ONE'S  
PASSED  
HERE!



CROUCHING DOWN, BIG  
BEAR EXAMINED THE  
GROUND TO TRACE THE  
TRAIL IN THE DIRT...



HIS CUNNING WILL  
BE USELESS!



THE FIGURE HIDING IN THE BUSHES SUDDENLY SPRANG AT THE UNSUSPECTING INDIAN. THE STRUGGLE WAS BRIEF —



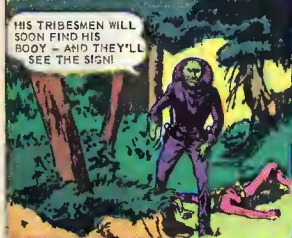
BEFORE HE COULD CALL FOR HELP OR USE HIS KNIFE, HE WAS KILLED!

ANOTHER INDIAN SCALP!



PLACING THE MARK OF THE LETTER "S" ON THE DEAD INDIAN'S FOREHEAD, THE VICTOR STALKED AWAY SILENTLY.

HIS TRIBESMEN WILL SOON FIND HIS BODY — AND THEY'LL SEE THE SIGN!



FAILING TO GET ANSWERS TO THEIR SIGNALS, THE OTHER INDIANS REPORT TO CHIEF BLACK BISON THAT THEIR COMPANION, BIG BEAR IS MISSING . . .

AS HE DOES NOT ANSWER, GO LOOK FOR HIM!



THE CAUTIOUS PARTY OF SEARCHERS FOUND HIM, STRETCHED OUT IN THE CLEARING, OEAOI

BIG BEAR! IT'S HIM!



WHEN THEY SAW THE MARK ON THE INDIAN'S HEAD, THE SMALL GROUP OF SUPERSTITIOUS INDIANS BECAME PANICKY.

LOOK! THE SERPENT MARK!

ANOTHER OF OUR BRAVES SLAIN BY KINOWAI!





FOR A LEGEND TOLD OF A FANTASTIC, FEARFUL SPIRIT THAT HAUNTED THE PRAIRIE AND THE WOODS. THOSE WHO SAID THEY SAW HIM DESCRIBED HIM AS HAVING A MAN'S FACE WITH TWO HORNS ON HIS FOREHEAD.



THIS STRANGE FIGURE, RIDING ON A FIERY STEED, WAS THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIANS!



FOR MANY MOONS NOW, THIS TERRIBLE SPIRIT WE KNOW AS KINOWA LEAVES A TRAIL OF DEAD WARRIORS. HE KILLS WITH THE SIGN OF THE SERPENT. SIGNING HIS KILLS WITH THE LETTER 'S'!



CHIEF BLACK BISON WARMS HIS TRIBESMEN KINOWA DRINGS THEM ILL LUCK... THEY MUST DO EVERYTHING TO PACIFY HIS MAD SPIRIT, BEFORE MORE HARDSHIPS BEFALL THE TRIBE.

THAT NIGHT, THEY ALL SANG AND DANCED AROUND THE FIRE IN TRADITIONAL TRIBAL RITUAL, IN MEMORY OF GREAT BEAR.



SUDDENLY, THE CHANTING STOPPED, AS CHIEF BLACK BISON HELD UP HIS HAND.

GREAT BEAR HAS GONE TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS. HE WAS A GREAT WARRIOR, FELLE BY AN ENEMY OF OUR TRIBE!



... SLAIN BY A KILLER WHO STRIKES LIKE A SERPENT! WE MUST REPLACE THE LOSS OF GREAT BEAR WITH ANOTHER WARRIOR!



OFF TO THE SIDE, A QUIET YOUNG MAN, OF FAIRER SKIN THAN THE OTHERS, SEEMED TO BE TAKING NO PART IN THE INDIAN CEREMONIALS.



HANDS TOUCH HIS BARE SHOULDERS AND HE HEARD A QUIET VOICE WHISPER IN HIS EAR...



AGAIN, THE INDIAN CHIEF CALLS FOR SILENCE.

KINOWA IS NOW STRIKING CLOSE TO OUR WIGWAMS! NONE SHALL GO OUT ALONE!



LATER, AS THE YOUNG MAH WAS OUT SPEARING FISH, FOR FOOD

TWELVE MOONS IS A LONG TIME TO WAIT



'RISING MOON', THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER, HAD STRAYED FROM THE YOUNG MAH'S SIDE AND WAS STARTLED BY A BIG BEAR!

O-O-OH!



THAT WAS THE VOICE OF RISING MOON! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER?



UNHWARE OF THE REAL DANGER SHE FACED, THE INDIAN GIRL BEGAN TO RUN AWAY FROM THE HUGE ANIMAL AS FAST AS SHE COULD, THROUGH THE WOODS. SUDDENLY SHE TRIPPED ON THE THICK ROOT OF A TREE...



SEEING THE GIRL LYING UNCONSCIOUS WITH THE BEAR BEGINNING TO TEAR AT HER, THE YOUNG MAH THREW HIS LANCE AT FULL FORCE AT THE BEAST. IT BURIED ITSELF IN THE BEAR'S SHOULDER...



SITTING UP ON HIS HAUNCHS, THE HUGE BEAR PAWED AT THE WEAPON STUCK IN HIS POWERFUL SHOULDER, SEEING THE WILD BEAST TRYING TO PULL OUT THE LANCE, THE YOUNG MAN SAW AN ADVANTAGE.

THAT WOUND WILL  
OBLIVIOUS HIM LONG  
ENOUGH TO RESIST  
HER



BUT HARDLY HAD HE MOVED, WHEN THE ENRAGED BEAST STARTED TO GO FOR THE YOUNG MAN.

BY CATCHING HIS  
"ATTENTION, I CAN  
DRAW HIM AWAY  
FROM RISING  
MOON'S BODY.



WATCHING HIS CHANCE, THE YOUNG MAN SUDDENLY SPRANG, STRIKING A DEADLY KNIFE BLOW AT THE BEAR'S THROAT.



THE MORTAL COMBAT BETWEEN WILD BEAST AND YOUTH WAS BRIEF TO MAKE SURE THE BEAR WAS DEAD, HE STABBED HIM IN THE CHEST.

MY DAGGER  
IS QUICKER  
THAN YOUR  
CLAWS!

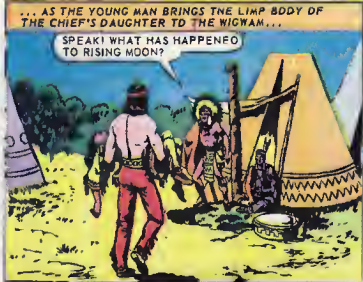


YOU ARE SAFE, RISING MOON. BLACK BISON'S ADOPTED SON SNATCHED YOU FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH!



... AS THE YOUNG MAN BRINGS THE LIMP BODY OF THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER TO THE WIGWAM...

SPEAK! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO RISING MOON?



SHE LIVES, OH CHIEF! A GREAT BEAR, SUCH AS SOMETIMES ROAM OUR WOODS, ATTACKED HER. I HEARD HER CALL, AND SLEW THE BEAST WITH MY KNIFE.





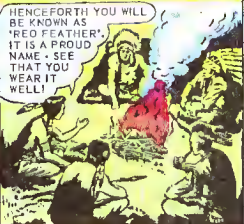
THAT SAME NIGHT, AROUND A BEAR-MEAT FEAST, THE CHIEF CALLS A TRIBAL COUNCIL.

WHAT YOUR ADOPTED SON DID, ALONE, OH CHIEF, SHOWS GREAT COURAGE. THE COUNCIL HAS DECIDED TO ADOPT HIM INTO THE TRIBE AS A FULL-FLEDGED WARRIOR WITH SUCH COURAGE, HE WILL IN TIME BECOME A GREAT LEADER, PERHAPS A CHIEF I HAVE SAID!



ACCORDING TO THE CUSTOM OF THE TRIBE, THIS WAS THE OCCASION TO GIVE THE YOUNG NEWLY-MADE WARRIOR AN INDIAN NAME.

HENCEFORTH YOU WILL BE KNOWN AS 'RED FEATHER'. IT IS A PROUD NAME - SEE THAT YOU WEAR IT WELL!



AFTER THE CEREMONIES, RED FEATHER TALKED OF THE GREAT NEW HONOR THAT HAS COME TO HIM MUCH SOONER THAN HE HAD RIGHT TO EXPECT... BUT ALREADY HE WAS TALKING OF BIGGER DEEDS THAN BEAR SLAYING!

YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY, RED FEATHER! YOU HAVE REALIZED YOUR AMBITION TO BE A REAL WARRIOR... IT DID NOT TAKE TWELVE MOONS

YES, I KNOW. I WANT TO STRIKE AT THE HEART OF KINOWA AS I DID THAT BEAR!



IN THE SHADOW OF HIS TENT, AT THE SAME MOMENT, BLACK BISON RECALLS A DAY OF FIERCE BATTLE, 18 YEARS AGO...

WELL WAS I COUNSELED, OH MANITOU, WHEN I SAVED THIS SON OF A WHITE MAN. IF I HAD NOT, MY DAUGHTER WOULD NOT BE ALIVE TODAY...



THE INDIAN CHIEF'S MEMORY TURNED TO THE TIME WHEN HE AND HIS TRIBE FIERCELY OPPOSED THE COMING INTO THEIR VAST TERRITORIES OF THE WHITE MEN.



THEY HAD LAUNCHED A GREAT ASSAULT AGAINST A VERY LARGE CONVOY. THE BATTLE WAS FIERCE... MANY BRAVES FELL BEFORE THE WHITE DEFENDERS... BUT THE PIONEERS WERE POWERLESS AGAINST THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE INDIANS.



THE BATTLE WAS WON, AND SOON THE INDIANS SWARMED OVER THE ENCAMPMENT, SEEKING THE PRICE OF THEIR VICTORY AMONG THE WAGONS.



AND IN ONE OF THE WAGONS, A SMALL BABY WAS CRYING..



KILL HIM? NO! I'LL TAKE HIM TO MY SQUAW. HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM.



OUTSIDE OF THE TENT WHERE THE CHIEF WAS Musing,



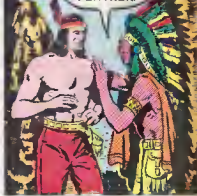
I MUST TALK TO YOUR FATHER, OUR CHIEF!

I HAVE DECIDED TO GO AND SEEK OUT KINOWA. OH CHIEF!



RED FEATHER MY SON!

YOU ARE BRAVE, OF THAT YOU HAVE GIVEN PROOF. BUT TO STALK AND KILL KINOWA, WHO MAY BE A SPIRIT, IS MADNESS. BUT I WILL NOT DENY YOU YOUR WISH, RED FEATHER!



LET THIS BE MY FIRST GREAT DEED AS A WARRIOR, OH CHIEF! LET ME REVENGE THE SLAYING OF BIG BEAR.



I HAVE SPOKEN!

"RED FEATHER HAS BECOME THE YOUNGEST WARRIOR OF HIS ADOPTED TRIBE. HE IS BRAVE, AND PERHAPS FOOLHARDY. FOR WHO IS KINOWA? A FEARFUL SPIRIT - OR A HUMAN BEING OF FLESH AND BLOOD?

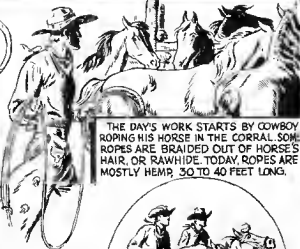


LET THE YOUNG WARRIOR GO FORTH, AS IT IS FITTING FOR HIM TO DO - BUT THE THOUGHT OF CHIEF BLACK BISON FOLLOWS AND PROTECTS HIM, EVEN AS IT DID ON THAT FATEFUL DAY, EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO...

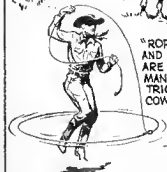
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39

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COVER Fred Bell?

16c COWBOY SADDLES

Alison

1

MICKY & SITTING BULL

BEN THOMPSON?

8

ANNIE OAKLEY

MAXWELL\*

4

JESSIE JAMES

Alison

4

THE PRINCE ALBERT KID

TEXT

2

BIL BENT & PANCHITO

FLEMING?

7

KIOWA

7